This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

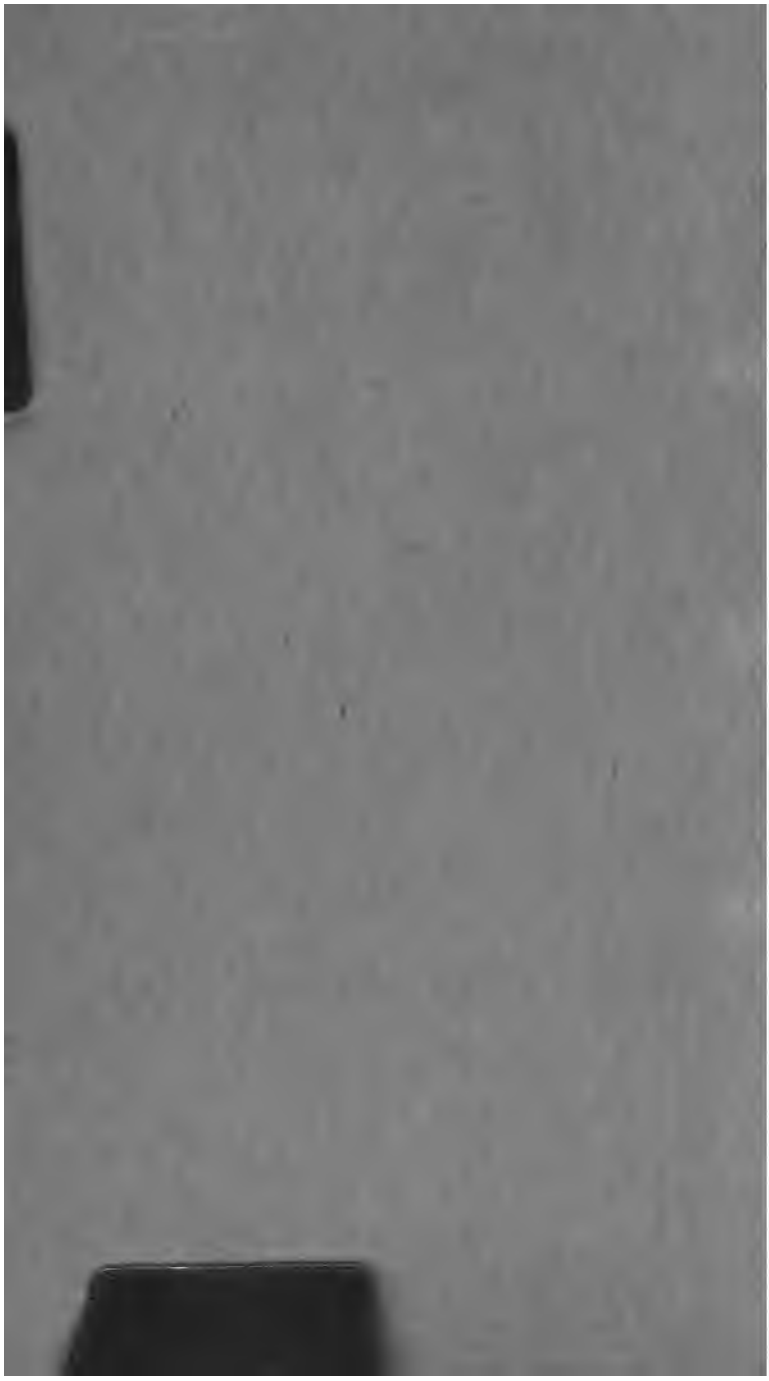
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

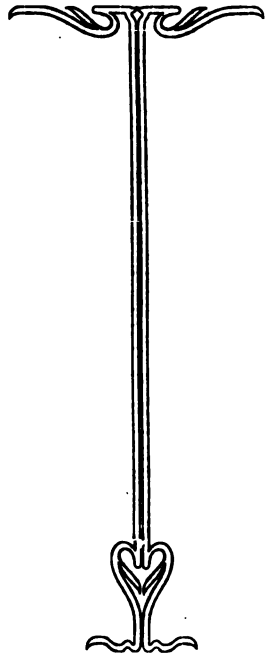
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES
3 3433 07604123 9



PUBLISHERS' WEEKLY.
MAR 29 1913

THE VISION of the TRANS-MISSISSIPPI and Other Stories

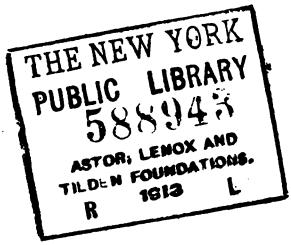


HERBERT
JACKSON
ADAMS

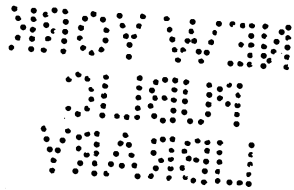
THE VISION
of the
TRANS=MISSISSIPPI
AND OTHER VERSES

BY
HERBERT JACKSON ADAMS

THE SHAKESPEARE PRESS,
114-116 East 28th Street,
New York.
1912.


THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
588943
ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS.
R 1913 L

Copyrighted, 1912,
By
HERBERT J. ADAMS



My father, Andrew J.,—"Jack," with his family and friends—was a cabinet maker. After his early death, in 1868, I used to see in the garret some account books which had been by him solely devoted to copying favorite poems, being done in a very neat hand.

My mother, lately deceased, was Marion Bellows before marriage. She was always fond of the best literature obtainable, from the Bible to works of mere men and women.

For the above and obvious reasons I am bringing their names into this little book, IN MEMORIAM.

H. J. A.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Be Thankful Anyway	7
At the Edge of Babyland	9
The Vision of the Trans-Mississippi—Inquiry	11
The Scene	16
The Welcome	22
Justification	33
The Welcome (Continued)	39
Dedication	42
For Bleak Winter—May	44
Discovery	47

BE THANKFUL ANYWAY

Join in the dance,
Meet Fortune's glance,
No more your grief betray;
But hail the dame
With fair acclaim,—
Be thankful anyway!

Past grief is dead,
Lift up your head,
Despair then cannot stay;
The future, now
May show you how,—
Be thankful anyway!

If dismal wraith
Assail your faith,
Be valiant for the fray;
Meet glad sunshine
With hope divine—
Be thankful anyway!

Where'er you are
Mayhap a star
Still promises you new day;
For smiles make room,
Thus foiling gloom—
Be thankful anyway!

AT THE EDGE OF BABYLAND

Why must you, Willie, from dear father pull away,
Consoling him with just your sweet, arch smile?
'Tis true you've come to be a three-year man to-day;
But can't you be my baby yet a little while?
Bigger every day grows he;
He'll not long a baby be.

Because your schoolboy brother, more than twice as old
Just *loves* this little boy "a great, big pile,"
Must you act his manners with a swagger bold,
And think you can't be baby yet a little while?
Bigger every day grows he;
He'll not long a baby be.

Your kindergarten sister calls me "popsy" now and then;
So you will have it "popty," just her style;
And I can see the time grows ever shorter when
You still can be my baby yet a little while.
Bigger every day grows he;
He'll not long a baby be.

The wee ones lately come to help the family grow,—
From where?—It must be farther than one mile,—
Are still too small to notice me, you know;
So *you* should be my baby yet a little while.
Bigger every day grows he;
He'll not long a baby be.

Now see! You've had a tumble, romping "just like mad,"
So brimming full of mischief, though so free from guile:—
For comfort to papa now comes the weeping lad,
And wants to be his baby just a little while.
Bigger every day grows he;
He'll not long a baby be.

THE VISION OF THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI.*

(Trans-Mississippi Exposition,—1898)

INQUIRY

I.

Was hope of colonist but vain,
The hope—when ended royal reign—
To then make fast-uniting bond
The pledge of brotherhood as fond
As met the test on Calvary:—
The hope to end men's slavery?

---

* (A part of "The Scene," "The Welcome" and "Dedication" were written in 1898. In 1909-10 the form of the stanzas of "The Welcome" was changed, and the "Inquiry" and "Justification" entire were inserted.)

NOTE—In stanzas V and VI of "Inquiry" there are references to certain conditions, with possible remedies, that were outlined by the author in 1896 and 1906, in Mss. in his possession.

II.

What is this West new-destined for?
Long must we still vain aims deplore,
For that no movement well defined
Has come to form in western mind,
Whereby it may, soon, once for all,
Forever stay the sordid pall,
Already dark'ning like a cloud,
To e'en *our* country dim enshroud?
Will't give to martyr's cry new ear,
Reap *full* of Independence, dear,
To save our hope, posterity,
From preying hands' dexterity?
Must wonders done for wealth and place,
Make it forget what's due its race?
When will a better time appear
Than this, to make the future clear?

III.

If wisdom would advance apace,
It must vain past, as dead, efface
With fresh intelligence each morn,
E'er free from rule that's too well worn:—
Such upright wisdom, and unbent,
As scorns the staff, expedient.

IV.

Shall such a wisdom pass abroad,
And keenly now unmask each fraud?
Shall it, before time waxes late,
Swift rectify the social state?
Must some be still so surfeit rich
That children irk them like an itch;
Or any say they can't afford,
When, speaking truth, they're simply bored;
Sink marriage to a selfish waste—
(Since only offspring prove it chaste);
So, ego large, on every hand,
Refined, lets "cattle" stock the land?
Shall social feeling rise in grace
To shield those burdened with the race?
Shall Benedicts, "the horrid things!"
Make women good, shed spurious wings!
Those who, with falsely-guarded charms,
Drive candid men to easy arms,
Who, through ambition, pride or fear,
Suppress true feeling, else so dear;
Or finding virtue in scarce felt restraints,
Claim all the credit of anointed saints.
Shall old maids swear themselves to lust?
Shall swear they will, and swear they must

Pass their good blood to ages high,
Nor, wed or no, on some poor cry?
Nor yet look o'er the husband's head
To some one else for half-slave bread;
Nor vex the tie till love falls dim,
By vaunted wisdom, oft but whim;
Fain be the loving, loyal mate,
And not a mentor, not a fate;
So each shall boast but parity
In Virtue, Hope and Charity?

V.

As offspring, multiplying, spread,
Shall sovereign hand be on each head
To bless, and say with confidence,
The earth's his part-inheritance,
Allowing none to question, *mal*,
That no undue congestion shall
Bind opportunities, deemed free
For worth and need, as best may be?
Point avarice out a baneful thing,—
By graded tax remove its sting,
Though bold, with individual it rides
Or slyly in a corporation hides?
So that its men may all be men,
Like eagle, each, with lofty ken;

None money-buzzards, sparrow pecked;—
The State well-noting how 'tis recked,
That precedents oft keep their hold,
For no good use but that they're old;—
Lest it too drink false nations' cup,
Whet men to eat each other up?

VI.

The sportsman, true, ne'er plays his game
With odds to help—not e'en his name;
But personal skill and his fair chance,
And luck, his fortune do advance.
Nor is his effort gauged by size
Of goal. There's ever higher prize.
Nor sportsmanlike is game of life,
Where, selfish, thrown into the strife
Are prizes previously won,
By luck, or trade, or toil well done,
'Gainst him, alone, who stakes his chance
On brawn, or brain, and confidence:—
Though use of wealth may be condoned,
If to the *game's* advantage loaned,
Well short of usury in rate,
That surplus winnings may relate
To all who play, in severalty,
As they show worth, ability.

THE SCENE

I.

The potent west-wind fanned my cheek,
And, cooling, pressed my brow;
Again, again inbreathing it,
I felt within me grow
Such spirit as in earlier day
Stirred valiant heart, and bold,
Led dauntless Pike and Fremont
Western myst'ries to unfold.

II.

Adieu I willing bade
Atlantic's commerce teeming strand,
And went a plodding course
Towards the El Dorado wonderland.
Nor rugged mountain checked me,
Nor stream, nor sea-wide plain,
Till far Mississippi's verdant bank
My weary feet could gain.
Invited still by prairie breeze,
Still westward on to press,

I long breathed in its fragrance,
And would court its winsomeness.
Yet, straining o'er the landscape vast,
Beyond the glinting tide,
My lids, moist-edged, grew wont to fall,
My tired orbs to hide:
And yielding to the gloaming's peace,
On mellow turf I lay,
And slept on thought of wondrous scenes
To mark the break of day.

III.

The prospect that my waking eyes
Had striven, vain, to see,
In vision, or as dreamland, now,
Deep slumber brought to me:—
A seeming boundless empire there,
Stretched leagues on leagues away:—
Scarce fairer land ne'er He caressed
With sunrise's cheering ray.
It northward far and farther spread,
To where fell blizzards roam,
Where sunbeams only parry, weak,
The winter's tempest foam.
A thousand miles of pasture

West-flanked the lower stream,
To where its gulf-bathed border
Sparkled in my dream.
Nor was the vision limited
To fertile prairie plains,
But soared to yonder Rockies,
Where frowning mountain chains,
Guard nature's precious caches,
That elude, oft seem unreal,
But found, are fettered in the meshes
Of men's giant webs of steel.
Beyond Pacific's desert slope
My image paused in state,
Enthroned in evening's ambient glow,
Where shines the Golden Gate.

IV.

My dream had elements sublime,
Nigh startling me from sleep,
But Morphia bade have patience,
Yet within the spell to keep,
Till detail of the venture
Might be passed before my view,
In high-wrought panorama,
As if Master artist drew:—

V.

In whisper of the corn leaves,
In ten thousand emerald fields;
The purl of rushing currents,
That broad Platte's bed, constant, yields;
With echoed hoof-beats of the buffalo,
In herds unnumbered slain;
And rumbling distant thunder
That bespeaks the welcome rain:—
A murmuring of strange music
Takes my fancy's waiting ear.
And as the notes grow louder,
More distinct, inspiring, near,—
Such tones in martial anthem
As might quicken from repose
The host of fallen heroes
That time's records, bright, disclose,—
The fresh'ning wind with joy took up
The promise-weighted sound,
And fervent invitation bore
To all the world around.

VI.

Ere time had let me ponder
On the full bent of the strains,
I saw a goddess presence
Move from out the billowy plains.
In stately measure led she
A resplendent, gallant train,—
Nor was it idle, vain procession
Did Nebraska entertain:—
For each, with fruit of industry,
Unsullied, graced her lead—
Their burdens fitting, ample,
Proved they thrifty fortune heed.

VII.

Hard by the yellow water
That clear-marks the father tide,
Where stands her great-grown city,—
Magic yield of civic pride,—
Nebraska laid her treasures,
Golden ears and honey sweet,
And rare, her color album,
For the soul of artist meet.
Aloft in fair right hand

She, smiling, held the jewelled wreath,
To crown the sovereign pilgrim
Who best offering showed beneath;
And waved o'er all her silver bugle,
Bright in noonday sun,
Then gave the marchers greeting,
And full-welcomed every one.

VIII.

Up briskly wound the caravan;—
Its each division marked a clan,
Whose chosen leader to command,
Was fair composite of his band.
They deigned the goddess due salute,
Then waited, brief, all calm and mute,
Till words of greeting had been said—
While each their champion bared his head,
And to her gaze raised hopeful eyes,
Which failed not e'en to meet the skies.
While man-made instruments discharge
Sweet airs to nature's chords enlarge:—
So gave each way for eager train,
Till all had gathered off the plain.

THE WELCOME

I.

"From southern portal
To the North and East and West,
First welcomed here, Louisiana comes,
And with her brings that ardent, tropic smile,
Pure-born, long since,
Of New Acadia-chastened breast.
Nor shall we soon forget
The hard-won battle ground,
Where Jackson made his own and raised thy fame,
And proved to nations how on New World soil
No field of conquest
For the tyrant may be found.

II.

"Beginning so, this child
Of bouyant western mind
Continued: Trans-Mississippi's pioneer,—
Thou iron-visaged old Missouri! clear

We see thee come from out
Thy years of toil refined.
If for a commonwealth complete
We are in quest,
We need but look on thy fair countryside,
And on thy two great cities guarding thee,
So forming stately border gates,—
Then may we rest.

III.

"Thou quiet Arkansas,
Be merry once with us!
All know thy boast is not of grain nor gold,
But, for thy genial clime, by many sought,
Thy generous welcome here
None can nor will discuss.
Thy native healing waters
Need not fear the truth;
And as thy health-restoring springs do purge,
Like magic wake again the languid blood,
So let our festival
Awake, renew thy youth.

IV.

"Ah, mighty giant,
What bright badge hast thou?
'Sam Houston' said, what more hast need to say,
Or need of any common emblem stuff,
Or laurel, even, still
To grace thy lustered brow?
Redoubt, blood-mortared,
In the south was dearly laid,—
Though fancy-fashioned like an emerald star,—
To ever warn away presuming foe.
Since Alamo has Valor sworn
By Texas' blade.

V.

"Draws on Iowa now,
With steady, bouyant tread:
His progress keeps scarce deviating line,
And has, since when shrewd Blackhawk's subtle power
Bent to his civil wisdom,
That leads, is never led.
Though long has been thy land

To warfare's strife unused,
Yet ready art thou armored in thy peace:—
The might that's in the wielding of the pen,
Is by thy school-house fortressed
Hilltops large infused.

VI.

"The sea's refrain, soft-hummed
By lap of wave on wave,
With odors rare from bord'ring garden comes:
For here now strays the maid of fruit and flow'rs,
The California, golden-tressed,
So fair, yet brave!
Who's not amidst thy native bow'rs,
Thy beauty longed to see,
Nor would walk thy shores, and wander in thy dells,
Has never heard of thy all-summer skies,
Thy forests, deep,
Thy wondrous vale, Yosemite.

VII.

"Where bubble forth
The Mississippi's natal springs,
And ether rare, holds pure his liquid course,

New-chastened by the falls of Anthony,—
From thence keen-visioned
Minnesota off'ring brings.
Throbs there with potent life
Her state's twin-city heart;
Its beating quivers down e'en to the gulf;
Wide o'er the Lakes and Lawrence's isle-tossed flood,
The ocean feels the touch
Of her great inland mart.

VIII.

"Again, in far northwest,
Columbia lends her name
To grace a surging river, wide and deep,
(There Irving-writ Astoria hides, eclipsed.)
Wherefrom our Nimrod, Oregon,
Takes finny game.
His catch has made
Poor sportsmen of us all.
Our thanks for dainty, salmon-hued; yet greet
We too the patron of that bold-tried ship,
The ship so swift to round
The 'Horn' at warfare's call.

IX.

"How dark then seemed the fate
Of freedom, as he bled!
How black the pois'nous hate toward Kansas, here,
Ere he, harsh-scarred, eked out a victory,
So midst that freedom
Might his sons be born and bred!
With all the world he stands
Abreast in civil state;
With vigilance he guards the sober will:—
Art welcome, thou, and these, thy loyal train
Who now, close-pressing
With thy banners on thee wait.

X.

"Thou dust-flecked traveller
From out the arid slope,
O'er steel-girt way thy boundaries inclose,
A million souls have glided toward a flow'ry clime,
And gazed upon thy plains
With undeflected hope.
With hard-transported ores

And chemicals thou art
Now come to claim Nevada's welcome here.
If dignity pervades thee as thy sand,
Thy valor's not for sport,
Nor mark for humor's dart.

XI.

"To fitting mark
Our Union's first centennial day,
We took unto us one who springs to lead,
E'en bonding his rich mines to back his will,—
When was his early wisdom
Mocked by silver spray—
All o'er. Now bringst thou
Pictures of the Great Divide,
Rare spec'mens from thy mines, thy parks and streams:
We greet thee, Colorado, bright and bold,
And freely in us all
We pray thou mayst confide.

XII.

"Montana's mighty frame
And swinging stride, behold!
His presence and his dress prove Fortune's care;

Yet grieves he, how rich gifts on one bestowed
Must dim what had been his,
By look of honors sold.
We pray the care, confined,
May ne'er from thee withdraw,
Until,—forbid! it cannot also be,
That thou, in surfeit of her fostering,
Forget our Custer's sacrifice
To valor's law.

XIII.

"Thou who, exalted bear'st
Thy country's father's name,—
Of those who late fulfill his glorious hope,—
May thou in ages yet to tax thy course,
In all thy works
Reflect with truth his fame.
May land and sea and sound
Thy fruitful handmaids be,
Conditions lending for thy fair intent;
And let thy Rainnier grain by grain dissolve;
Ere Washington's great deeds
Shall cease inspiring thee.

XIV.

"Approach full near,
Thou youth of sterling, sturdy worth,
Thy hand in friendship's clasp let all here feel:
Thy fame will spread as seed will multiply,
Till all the world
Asks tidings of Dakota, North.
For o'er the round earth's vast
And, once dividing, main,
In business thrift, though oft on waters cast,
From off thy wind-waved, shim'ring, golden fields,
Full fleets of mammoth ships
Bear forth thy ample grain.

XV.

"Before us stands that stalwart son
With whom—behold!
A fate that strong in separation lies:—
Yet dual entry, good, does he propose:
The rancher's toilsome yield,
The miner's hard-won gold.
We welcome South Dakota,
Neighbor mine so near!

His threatened blight from strangers' nuptial griefs
Soon turn to bloom; though young, may he grow wise,
Until at parting time,
May he be deemed a seer.

XVI.

"'*Wyoming?*'—Hark! Thy name
So wrapped in cadence soft,
For thee bespeaking such pastoral charm,
Invites us free to lounge in meadows green,
And gaze in rapture
Where thy pine tops wave aloft;
To watch the cow-boy tend
The herds that pasture there,
And list to plaintive bleating of the lamb;
To whip for trout thy writhing mountain streams,
And chase, with hound and mustang keen,
The deer and hare.

XVII.

"Lies else but sordid gilt
Twixt Bitter Root and Snake?
Tis lately said that serpent soon may crawl

Unchecked nigh over thee, fond, hoping Idaho.
'Twere but impulsive blasphemy
To say, mistake
To foil, 'our land has been baptized.'
Thy fruit and corn
Owe not some water rite. Tis water *rights*
Thy bad-lands save. Yet hallowed virtues joined
Must make thy bright'ning star
Our flag adorn.

XVIII.

"Does Utah now advance,
With ordered, modest gait:—
We gauge his deeds but since he won the star,
When sought he, wise, to share our destiny,—
(Though learned was in legal
Lore of Church and State,
Domestic (multiplied) relations,
High combined)—
May we where Salt Lake's templed city stands,
A people find imbued with wholesome thought,
So truth may raise toward Heav'n
The candid, fearless mind."

JUSTIFICATION

I.

The sceptic who, with candor, cries:—
"In dreams no order ever lies,"
May not, direct, be answered now,
Though briefly will I venture how,
To this point in my coma deep,
The dream did not all chaos keep.

II.

For many years my hair had shown
The signs of age. Age marks his own.
In generations I had passed,
Things valued I had safe amassed,
That needed no strong locks to guard:—
Nor had I any such reward,
If earned, or no. Howe'er I throve,
'Twas not by dint of treasure trove.
Full much I'd labored, futilely:—
(Why, "Fortune" met it brutally):—
Whose life's not pledged to dollars gain,
Must scarce his purse e'en cents contain?

III.

Keen senses physical I had;
These played me true since but a lad;
Keen sensibilities employed,
Since with my playthings I had toyed.
And passions—(They are not for here:—
Would I could bury them, O dear!)
Yet why?—for passions may exalt
In good; or make in good default:—
Involuntary native force!—
Self-guaged for better or for worse.

IV.

In precinct politics no place
Had I. For that I lacked the face,
Though willing. So, shut kindly out,
I had not that to fret about.
Yet much I had to do, in thought,
On what large public movements sought
To better man in mind, estate,—
Great men and measures and their fate:—

I followed these well nigh alone,
Because no ward work had I done.
Yet knew I well statecraft exacts
Wise practice in the little acts.

V.

A schoolmate, mine, Geography,
Dressed in his mixed topography;
His watchful rival, History,
Whom I e'er held a mystery,
For ponderous learning that he knew;
These studies both my fancy drew.
And 'twas my pastime to apply,—
As swiftly, sure, the years went by,—
What, out of these, my search had gained,
To tell me what might be attained
By that unsettled far west land
Of phases noble, good and grand.

VI.

De Soto trailed its eastern shore,
Then let his river close him o'er;
And Drake, brave-pledged to empire's hope,

Claimed for his queen its western slope;
The "bubbler" glimpsed it—young John Law;
Some of it Astor's agents saw;
Devout and hardy priests of France
Did early cast on it fond glance;
Mount Vernon's hero, ere he slept,
His hope and forethought on it kept;
And Lewis sought Missouri's source,
And by that stream Clarke left his corse;
Dubuque, and others long to name,—
Some winners, large, in life's wide game,—
(Some but for gold cared not a rap.)
But all helped make my little map.

VII.

Some colored patches in a square:—
Not far to make it well compare,
If concentrated in the mind,
With any county one might find
Whose boundaries are regular,
Where townships drawn in order are,
As, Minnesota, Iowa,
Missouri, then, *et cetera*:—
In row on row, with art engrossed,
E'en from "the river" to "the coast."

And this, the map, by true intent,
Showed land enough for continent;
Though it might be mere "section," e'en,
For all its measure could be seen,
If catalogued exhibit rare
In some far planetary fair.

VIII.

Enlarging township into state,
Recalls me now to close debate:—
As each new state's admission came,
I stored my mind with date and name,
And striking circumstances all,
Of territorial curtain-fall.

IX.

Well-ordered waking minds, 'twould seem,
May oft suggest the ordered dream;
And when one has the names and dates,
And clear-drawn map of bounded states,
'Tis not so large an enterprise
As some good critic might devise.
And if what's said is not enough
To lend some grace to language rough,
There is this added circumstance;

To wit: that where in this high trance,
At last my ent'ring dates gave out,
At once there came to fancy, doubt
As to procedure. This gave rise,
In my sub-mental exercise,
To panic, when I near awoke.

X.

Now noting, brief, by lanquid eyes,
The night still deep there in the skies;
The river's eerie lick and boom
So plainly saying: "Far from home!"—
Doubt not it palled my visioned brain
That I had suffered some by strain;
The star-shot blackness in the west,
Though fleeting glimpsed, gave much unrest.
Mischances, such, nigh stirred resolve
That I no more these parts involve.
If worse led worst I might at least,
At break of day hie me back east;
For in the west could hardly be
A place for dreaming man like me.
On this I turned to doze awhile,
And found the dream unchanged in style.

THE WELCOME—*(Continued.)*

XIX.

"That home, mysterious,
Of ancient, conquering tribes
Who, bloody, gained the land that shares thy name,—
Tis 'Old,' with 'Mexico,' not 'New,' should act
To spell its fame, so well
Made out by learned scribes.
Wilt tell how thy old legends
Engage the modern way?
Do happily now blend with patriots' songs
Of Independence won, how Lincoln saved,
The cries that faint ring down
From Montezuma's day?

XX.

"Thou herald from the 'Neutral strip,'
E'en as young and fast,
What news, swift Oklahoma, dost thou bring?
Are satisfied those who, in that short day,

58894

In myriad multitudes
Once swept thy borders past
To stake them homes? For thee
What has experience found,
If not that Heav'n-gauged industry rewards;
That thy sure faith must foil a teasing fame,
As if thy land but lends
The cyclone practice ground?

XXI.

"Now, hopeful, glides,
With new-learned, willing, rhythmic pace,
The red man, Loo, erstwhile the white man's ward.
United fragments, once of fierce, far-roaming tribes,
In councils civilized
At last have found their place.
Soon come the lasting time,
When all thy people, brave,
Shall clear their view by larger knowledge gained;
No more make fruitful land mere hunting ground,
No longer aliens stay
Where they their race may save.

XXII.

"Where high and wide-extending plains
Meet searing sun,
And low, in rough-hewn, mile-deep canon swirls
The Colorado, Arizona dwells.
Though trooping last,
May not the prize by him be won?
Hard-fretted has he borne
The scourge of savage foe,
That ever backward did his progress keep:—
So, hold him not to promise of great deeds,
Till vanquished he
The hate-imbued Geronimo."

DEDICATION.

I.

Nebraska now stood waiting, mute,
In pensive, wistful pose,
Till when the pure, inspiring tones
To lighter bars arose.
Her mien commending confidence
'Mongst all who stood about,
She gathered her soft draperies
And led the concourse out
Where still above the yellow stream,
On bold, broad eminence stood
A courtly amphitheatre
Whose bounds spread rood on rood.

II.

When peal from out her burnished bugle
Stilled again the scene,
Her gracious dedicating words
Came forth in voice serene:—

"Ye score and more of commonwealths,
Of the Trans-Mississippi land,
The thrones now take, provided here,
For each high-honored band.
But ere thy many million hearts
Through thee engage our feast,
New greetings send ye yonder
To thy old homes in the East.
Take council of their wisdom,
Scorn not wardship of their love,
So this day in our history,
Calls blessings from above."

FOR BLEAK WINTER—MAY.

Spring to us straying
  In midwinter's dream,
Spring instant staying
  In winter's sunbeam.
    Memory's spring!

Spring in the fleeting of lengthening day,
Spring sends us greeting from far on her way.
    Wakening spring!

Spring in the power of snow-melting sun,
Spring for an hour when the south winds run.
    Magical spring!

Spring from the borders of tropical lands,
Spring's advance orders on gulf-gleaming sands.
    Quickening spring!

Spring will not grieve us,
True part she will play,
Spring will soon give us
For bleak winter, May.
Wonderful spring!

Spring in brook water that leaps in its bed,
Spring in the patter of raindrops o'erhead.
Freshening spring!

Spring in Resurrection that follows the pall,
Spring's soul refection when Easter bells call.
Passionate spring!

Spring's renewed meadows all glist'ning with dew,
Spring in fleet shadows when clouds cross the blue.
Radiant spring!

Spring in the flowing of bird-medleys clear,
Spring when kine lowing falls anew on the ear.
Orchestral spring!

Spring in her bowers, laced branches her screen,
Spring 'midst her flowers and nature's rare green.
Redolent spring!

Spring has not riven us,—
Live fully the day!
Spring's at last given us
For bleak winter—*May*.
Wonderful spring!

DISCOVERY.

If my soul could displace 'neath her bosom
  Her own, next her heart's very beat,
I perhaps could learn all the secret,
  How her nature is so passing sweet.

In my soul's new abode in her bosom
  I should wish to forever abide,
And should long for her to return there,
  And the doors I would keep open wide.

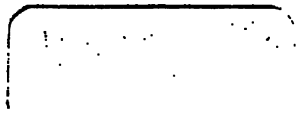
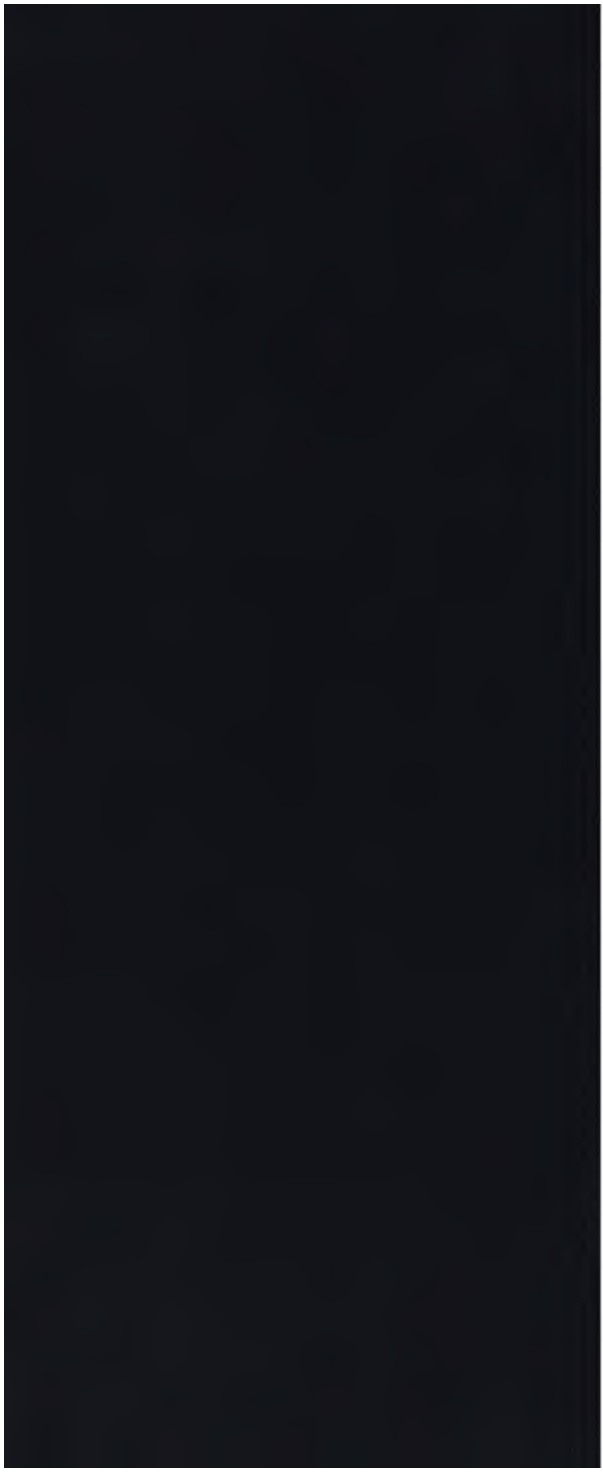
If her soul in my breast had found shelter,
  It would read there full many a sign,
Of how fully her exquisite being
  Had impressed itself true upon mine.

And to me she might send, in her bosom,
  A message swift borne by a dove,
To tell me how lonely she found it,
  Though she found there such wonderful love.

And anon while repose stilled those dwellings,
  Our souls to each other would fly,
And a compact we'd make that our beings
  Should no longer each other deny.

And together we'd dwell in the future,
  Be co-tenants both in each place,
Be united in one long, sweet living,
  Under Heavenly sanction and grace.

THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY
REFERENCE DEPARTMENT

This book is under no circumstances to be taken from the Building

Form 410